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Untitled 5

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Untitled 5

Before this door had a chance

your eyes crushed it though the thud

infected only one lid, staggers across

as if its fever was enough to burn down

your forehead trying to stay open

for the fire with nothing in it

and lift you from beneath

—it's a small place, a few walls

a mountain hanging from a sheet

stained by snow, by corners

each day colder, a valley deeper

cleared for whoever the bed

can carry –your legs pitted from winds

all day scanning your skull

for its madness, for what's left

where your cheeks opened

for sunlight and melting ice –a nothing bed

the kind you find only with X-rays

when the film dries, shows one side

left in darkness, the other

infected with despair and falling.

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